





## THE MISTAKE OF A LIFETIME.

During the past week the New Haven Palladium has made public the details of the murder and death of Mr. Wright, by Clark, who is now waiting his trial in prison. The catastrophe is one of the most painful that has happened in the Eastern States since the butchery of Dr. Parkman by Prof. Webster. The primary cause seems to have been jealousy, envy or *chagrin*, or some other of the monster brood of evil passions that at times possess men and lead them captive to destruction.

The supposition of jealousy seems warranted, since it seems plain that Clark was the rejected suitor of Mr. Wright's wife.

Hundreds may have done much the same thing, under like circumstances, since the time of the first murderer, Cain; but none can read of this catastrophe without humility and sadness. Why? Because it seems at issue not only with the inner sensibilities of the soul, but at war with the spirit of the age. We are particularly fond of thinking of the good time coming, when men will be a *law* unto themselves, and harmonize with the government of the Great and Good Father; but when such calamities as this overtake us, the whole social system receives a shock which mars the growing harmony of the times.

What makes this affliction the more melancholy, is the fact that the murderer has moved among men for years, upon the assumed dignity of philosophy and skepticism, as he is well known to have disbelieved the Bible and the existence of God. Much of his time was spent in speculative controversy on these points, the inspiration for which, he got in infidel publications, and the "yellow covered" literature of the day. Many and long have been the *homilies* which the philosophic *fiat* have given to the bigoted and prejudiced man, the *sub* of which was, (to use the language of Daniel Webster), "overcome your prejudices." Now that any man can be called sane and sensible that so far forgets humanity in his theorizing, as to suppose *murder* to be among the things which philosophy is to resolve into *prejudice* or not, we will not now attempt to examine, since the present development of human nature agrees with the experience of the past, in abhorring murder and pronouncing it *crime*, whether perpetrated "by saint, by savage or by sage." If there is any magnifying of the crime, however, it is when the *criminal* is found by the accusing angel disgracing the holy office of the minister or philosopher.

The wrong is none the less in any case, but humanity is outraged more when the deformity of crime comes forth from among those whose standing and influence had awakened hopes of better things.

The injury which this philosophic murderer does, therefore, are threefold; for in murdering his victim, he has doomed himself, and bequeathed a legacy of crime and disgrace to those who may be *honestly* skeptical in many points of theology. We do not, however, believe that because a man is a skeptic, that therefore, he is *per se* capable of all kinds of crime—far from it! But we do know that any divorce between the religious, moral, and intellectual faculties of the man or woman, is more or less suicidal of mental health and spiritual harmony.

The confessions and lives of the wretched and unhappy attest this statement, and stamp it with the significance of demonstrated truth. Clark, himself, has so far returned to his right mind as to make alike confession.

The following question and answer which forms a part of a conversation held with Clark in his cell, give us the necessary authority for asserting his skeptical philosophy has left him.

*The Palladium* says—  
"He was asked, in his cell, a day or two after, he committed the murder: 'Do you think, if you had believed in the Bible, and labored as zealously to spread its doctrines as you have to spread infidel ideas, that you would be here to-day?' To which he replied: 'I do not think I should have committed the act.'"

This is a sad commentary on the life of this man and the tendency of the cause he served; for, with "one fell-swoop" he ignores the sophistry of his theories—the bombast and assumptions of his reasoning—and stand confessed a criminal before God and man. We write thus—not to make capital out of the error of our brother—God forbid—but in hope of awakening the better consciousness of the reader, that in his wildest and most enthusiastic devotion to *creed, ism, or philosophy*, he may still remember that God is still the ruling Power of the Universe, and *humanity* is His voice and prolonged *echo*. Thanks to the genius of a pure faith and the temper of a loving religion, we may deplore the error, but pity the offender, while working for his correction and education; for the ministrations of Spirits *renew* the admonition of old, in teaching us "to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God." Surely it would seem that the world's experience had spoken trumpet-tongued to the age against the consummate *filly*, to say nothing of the *crime* of murder. The lesson of Cain to the Ages has been made vitally significant in our day, in the case and person of Matthew Ward, and should not have been so soon forgotten by Mr. Clark. Man's impotency stands confessed on every page of history, where the arm of flesh assumes the authority to "deal damnation round the land—on each to deem its foe"—how much more so, shall it be humiliated and made *low*, when it dares to cut short the thread of life?

Byron, though as much sinned against as sinning, felt the majesty and power of the divine humanity, as the shadow of years gave darkness and blackness to the follies of his life, so that he confessed:

*The tree I planted, bore me, and I died.  
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.*

Reader, let us make no false issues with men, time, or eternity; for the infidelities of the heart are often as dangerous to the soul's progress as the infidelities of the head that brought Mr. Clark to his present condition. You may not ignore the Bible, or disbelieve in the loving kindness of a good Father, whose smile and blessing is ever on and over the economy of all "this wondrous world we see;" but you, in a more practical sense, may be infidel to Him, because you, too, often forget the true and toady respect you owe yourself, in sight of the dignity that awaits your introduction to another and a better life.

Remember therefore, that,  
"All infants born to us, descend, degrees,  
As lakes form rivers and rivers run to seas"—  
and seek to be perfect even as your Father in Heaven.

## THE PUBLIC CIRCLE.

No. 3 of this monthly issue comes to us well filled with manifestations for the honest skeptic and philosophic thinker; for both, facts are given—facts attested by names, places and dates, that preclude the possibility of *illusion, delusion, or collusion*. The witnesses are men and women, of every age, representing nearly every sphere of culture and condition. The *place* and *date* form a part of the history of the development, and point out the land and time-marks of exact evidence.

The philosophic benefits likely to spring from this public record of facts will be great, when men become thinkers, and *explain* facts, rather than wonder at the marvels, which for the hour, are associated with their development.

We attach great importance, therefore, to the Public Circle, for its doors are open, like the portals of heaven, to *all* who may wish to enter.

Of the many who have been converted from the cold and chilly skepticism of nothingarianism and indifference to the knowledge of another and a better life, with all the attending soul-entrancing joys, we have not room now to write. But if no other philosophic or social good were likely to spring from the mission of Spiritualism, the *fact* that it has been one of nature's *great* revivals, in speaking as it has done to the internal of Spirit life, and quickening *hopes*, never born to die, it would vindicate its mission, and pronounce it blessed for evermore, in bequeathing its legacy of facts to other ages. It is not necessary to wait the march of time, therefore, to know the character of the fruit likely to spring from the ministrations of the Spirits, nor judge of the value or importance of the rare Circle, for the editor of the Public Circle tells us—

"The 'Free Circles,' ever since their commencement, have been attended by crowds of eager inquirers; and, it is hardly too much to add, have been the means of carrying conviction of the reality of Spirit-life to hundreds of minds, which, but for the opportunity for inquiry thus afforded, might still be in thralldom to ignorance and superstition."

We can well understand the feelings of the writer, therefore, when he adds—

"Let the reader who contemplates such results with a benevolent joy, bear in mind that the Medium is dependent upon a profitable sale of 'The Public Circle' for the means of maintaining the life he has devoted to truth and humanity. A little, a very little exertion, on the part of subscribers and purchasers to increase their numbers, will suffice to secure the moderate sum required for his support; and, consequently, the continuance of the good work he has begun."

We hope the effect of this appeal will be to enlarge the circulation of the publication, that good may abound. And in order to illustrate the character of the sheet, and the exactness of the tests and communications, coming through the Medium, (Mr. Conklin,) we give the following from the current number of the Public Circle—

"Mrs. M. G. Bratton testifies, that during a recent sitting at Mr. Conklin's rooms, one of her Spirit friends informed her, by tapping on the table, that two letters were then lying for her in the Brooklyn Post-Office. The day being rainy, and her doubts of the correctness of the assertion strong, she objected to go for the letters. The terrible monitor, however, insisted that the letters were there, and urged that they ought at once to be obtained. Yielding at last, inquiry was made, and the statement of the Spirit was verified."

In narrating the foregoing experience, the same lady recalls a visit made to Mr. Conklin about a year ago. On that occasion, while she yet sat apart from the Circle, the medium's hand was used with this message:—*'You are going to be a housewife.'* The terrible monitor, however, insisted that the letters were there, and urged that they ought at once to be obtained. Yielding at last, inquiry was made, and the statement of the Spirit was verified."

"I am sorry he is disappointed, for he has gone on a voyage that will ultimately benefit this hemisphere and the Celestial Empire."

"I remarked," says Mr. B., "that I did not believe he thought of coming home. It was written—'Go and get a letter that is in the office.' I went," she continued, "and found a letter from my son, stating that he was home sick, and had applied to be transferred to a ship that was coming home; and that an officer of his grade was wanted. I have only to add, that my son is out in one of the ships which compose the squadron at Japan, that has opened communication between the Celestials and our nation."

## A LESSON FOR THE UNIVERSALISTS.

Nothing could tempt us to call further attention to the following painful statement, but we hope that the affliction may be efficacious in teaching some of our Universalist friends the need of more tolerance and Christian charity. We hope this, though facts, are at present against this presumption. For instance, among the many Universalists who have felt moved to write upon the "evils of Spiritualism," none have shown a more determined zeal and less qualifications for the task than the editor of the Christian Repository. Twice have we been compelled to call his attention to the reckless character of his statements, since Spiritualism (according to Mr. Ballou), was filling our lunatic asylums with insane men and women. The last time, our reflections were pointed and not to be misunderstood, since we demanded proof or detraction. The editor of the Christian Repository has since then stood "upon his dignity," and does not even condescend to "exchange," much less give us the necessary proof.

Of course, we do not *insist* on the "exchange," but we do demand *facts* and figures when the charge attempts to make us and the cause we advocate party to, and so far the author of *insanity and madness*. We hope, therefore, that the following may suggest *caution* to all parties, for there is marked significance in the old proverb which tells us "accidents will happen on the best of families."

*SHOCKING.*—In Jenicho, Vt., the wife of Rev. Mr. Scott, a Universalist Minister, being partially deranged, killed her eldest daughter, 11 years old, with an axe. She intended to kill her three other children, but was prevented by a religious friend, who consequently was the savior of the first. She is now in an insane asylum.—*Portland Transcript*

## THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS.

It is a proverb of the times, and will hold true no doubt in the remote future, as in the age of Solomon, that "of making many books there is no end," since the appearance of a new work is but the culmination of the mind's effort in supplying the demands of the Spirit's growth. Many, however, read Solomon with the spirit of the sluggard, who dreads the effort, while desiring the pleasure of mental activity, and therefore thinks that in quoting him, they get both authority for indolence and consolation for neglect. For this class we make the following extracts, that they may learn the character of the work that has come to stimulate their mental activity and aid in their Spiritual culture.

We have had the pleasure of hearing letters read and opinions expressed, both of which have been called forth by the perusal of this book, and both agree in the conviction that the subject matter forming the introduction and appendix, by Gov. Tallmadge, is alone worth the sum paid for the volume.

The *Spiritual Telegraph*, of May 5th, concludes its notice of the work in the following language:

"This volume will do no unnecessary violence to the theological preconceptions of any man; its moral tone is pure, abounding in the spirit that pervades the whole is eminently religious in an unobjectionable and rational sense. It will be widely read, and its teachings generally approved. Those who value 'Proverbial Philosophy,' and the wise sayings of Solomon, will certainly prize this work with similar interest and pleasure. It comprehends the Proverbs of the modern Spiritual Scriptures, and is a most unique and suggestive book."

The *New York Herald*, in reviewing the book,

speaks of it as "one of the most curious publications that has issued from the Spiritual press." And that is saying much, although nothing beyond the truth. The *Providence Journal*, edited by Gov. Anthony, speaking of the introduction to, and the work itself, uses the following candid and sensible language. He says:

"The introduction by Governor Tallmadge, gives a very interesting account of the rise and progress of 'Modern Spiritualism,' with his own views, derived from personal observation and experience, some of which are very remarkable. These statements, coming from a gentleman well known in the community for his high moral and intellectual character; as one whose life and pursuits have always been practical rather than imaginative or theoretical, and who would be the last to be led away by delusion, are certainly worthy of examination by every seeker after knowledge."

"The Healing of the Nations" is divided into chapters and paragraphs just as they were written, and consists chiefly of great philosophical truths, religious and moral precepts, aphorisms, proverbs, etc., illustrative of the creation, human life, human responsibility, the future state, the Almighty and his attributes."

A high religious sentiment pervades the volume; its moral tone is pure and elevated, and there is nothing in it that conflicts with the most refined Christian feeling. To those who have a desire to learn something of the wide-spread philosophy of the 'Spiritualists,' and of the experiences of a highly intelligent man who has thoroughly investigated the subject, we would commend this volume. The admirers of Tupper's 'Healing of the Nations' will find much more to admire in 'The Healing of the Nations.'"

The New England *Spiritualist* in noticing the work uses the following hearty and emphatic language. The editor says: "Wherever we open, the pages sparkle with gems of Spiritual truth, of the purest ray; but we have as yet been unable to discover whether they form a merely heterogeneous mass of brilliant, or are built into a harmonious and systematic structure. There seem at least, to be materials enough for an indefinite number of such works as have heretofore been produced. We should judge it to be worthy of the distinction which has been claimed for it, as the most valuable and creditable production claiming a Spiritual origin, that has as yet been given to the public."

That such a work should claim the attention of the thinking public and create a demand for a large sale is but the common order of human events.

## THE REASON WHY.

Not a few have thought it strange that Theodore Parker and others of like attainments in the world of thought and letters, should not become Spiritualists, since the evidence in phenomena, &c., have done such wonders in converting millions to Spirit-life and intercourse. Now, with this kind of wonder we have no sympathy, for we know *why* many men do not think of Spirit-Rapping, &c., as others, and the simple reason is in the *fact* that men think and reason on this subject according to the *good done them*. The question of abstract good in a high and constructive philosophy does not come to the many until they are *first* made partakers of its benefits and blessings. It is human nature the world over, to give the preference to the bridge that carries the soul from time to eternity. Before the skepticism of the eighteenth century, the general evidence of immortal life was as instinctive as any other characteristic of our common humanity, and spoke to every phase of consciousness, so that few, very few ever doubted of immortality.

In the war of opinion, however, on this subject, many became confused when they saw for the first time, the little *external* evidence they had in support of this belief.

The result of all this was the skepticism of the past century, which has bequeathed to us the materialism of our age. Hence the present Spirit manifestations are a revival of the authority of inner life and Spiritual unfolding. The philosopher, however, has ever been the advocate of immortal life, because the *universality* of consciousness desiring *immortality*, is one of the few facts that cannot be confuted or belied.

Those who would like to know the reason why Theodore Parker is not in need of Spirit-Rapping to convince him of immortal life and Spiritual intercourse, would do well to read the extract from his sermon on the fourth page.

## OUR BUDGET

Is the title of a small reformatory sheet that comes to us this week in exchange. It is published in Sturges, (Mich.) semi-monthly at 50 cents the year. The present number is made up of pointed remarks on the signs of the times, doings of reforms, and extracts from Spiritual papers of the North. The editor, if not a Spiritualist, is evidently friendly to the cause, and is willing to give a helping hand to its development and progress. We welcome all honest workers be the sphere of their mission ever so humble, or the culture they bring to the reform ever so modest. The editor in alluding to "Mysteries" says:

"Under this head we shall give, from time to time, much that will be new and wonderful to our readers, in the 'Manifestations' now occurring in various parts of the country. We do not ask them to believe *ALL* that is said or written, but to prove all things and hold fast to that which is true. There is a great deal of religion going on in the public mind, in reference to these apparent mysteries, and the better we are posted, the better will it be for us. Let each individual therefore be fully persuaded in his own mind, and there will be no fear of the consequences—for Truth is eternal and cannot die."

From this statement we hope soon to learn the glad tidings, through the "Budget" that Spiritualism has developed itself in Michigan, and is working for progress.

## GEMS FROM THE "HEALING OF THE NATIONS."

Below God, all are limited; man is his image; limited is he, yet master of his own limitation; for he can, through the agency of divine light, enter the regions of God's love, and in that pure channel bathe away all his impurities. Man is his own saviour—his own redeemer; he is his own judge—in his own scale weighed. He buildeth his own altar, performeth his own sacrifices; and in the sight of God writeth his own destiny. He is his own independent circle of existence, which, completed in all its parts, is as perfect as his Father in Heaven; for, is not the circle of an atom as perfect as the boundary of the Universe? And is not God the perfect centre of all things?

The light within all things is the focal point of their intelligence in affinity with the light of God's intelligence, and by that guided. Man being in God's image, is necessarily one, independent, eternal being. Being the son of God, he is capable of attaining perfection in the ages which compose eternity.

So long as earth remaineth in him, he must of necessity be impure. Light cannot penetrate a dense mass; neither can the light within totally remove the darkness without.

Man being limited, yet master of his own limitation, and having the intelligence of his own God-given existence perfect, must of necessity be free to act as his own intelligence dictates, or wander therefrom among the surrounding error; for, remember, light hath always a shadow. He can, through the agency of his own Spirit's light, attract unto himself the intelligence of the grand Fountain which will purify, refine and elevate him towards

perfection. Yet, if he choose, the opposite lieth before him, and he can wander about in shadows, guided by a dim taper, stumbling and erring at every step.

Man acteth like unto God when following his highest and purest promptings; and what are these promptings, save the rays of God's own pure intelligence? He came from God, because he is controller of himself; because in his most trifling thought he imiteth the Fountain of thought.

God being good, does not destroy his own works; a man, being his image eternal, and having his living and loving attributes, therefore can communicate with God while in the body, and with God and his fellow-man when the body is left behind on the earth whence it came. Principles and their essences emanating from God, are indestructible; and as the harmony of God's works proveth His love to all, therefore can man, while in affinity with God, draw toward Him and reap in His divine intelligence, his reward.

God doth not destroy, because a necessity for destroying proveth imperfection in creating; and hence did he destroy his own works, he would of necessity prove his own fallibility. In His works search is vain after waste, destruction or annihilation. Neither is there *isolation*, for all things being parts of God, must all blend in Him in union.

The lower creation are of necessity happy, for their powers are without their own control, being dependents upon God for all things. God hath not created unhappiness, and if man be unhappy, his own error must carry the burden. He that hath light, yet preferreth darkness, stumbleth of himself, and cannot blame the light he will not use. All are responsible for themselves only; and when weighed before the throne of mercy, only their own weights will be used.

Sufficient unto each is the light within. The vessel when full is not asked its measure. The size is not asked, for that is with God, but the *fulness* thereof, for therein lieth the glory. The small measure would not fill the measure of the large, neither would the small hold for the large; each must have its own, else discord would be the result. All things blend and mingle in harmony, each with its own particular kind.

## BACK NUMBERS OF THIS PAPER.

Those of our readers who may have on hand, and do not wish to save them, any or all of the following numbers of the Christian Spiritualist, will confer a favor on us by sending them, as we wish to make out a number of complete volumes for binding. Nos. 9, 28, 30, 41 and 47. Nos. 9, 30 and 41 mostly needed.

## LETTERS TO AN ENQUIRING FRIEND.

In preceding articles, we have spoken of the relation which man sustains to his Maker as the One Fountain of Life; of the precautions and limitations necessary in our intercourse with Spirits; of the example and permission of such intercourse in the Word itself; and of the pure and elevated character of much of the Spiritual literature now unfolding from interior sources. We instanced as works of undoubted Spiritual origin, the "Epic" and "Lyric" of T. L. Harris, in beauty, sublimity, and originality unsurpassed by any productions of the present age. Also, "THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS," by Charles Linton, worthily introduced to the public by Governor Tallmadge. The latter, as a collection of aphorisms, richer and more extensive than any other in the language, if we except the Book of Proverbs, with which portions of it will not unfavorably compare. If less profound and universal than the saying of the Oriental Sage, it is, at least, externally viewed, more adapted to the peculiar genius and wants of this age. A hopeful, loving spirit prevails throughout, which is often in striking contrast with the bitter emphasis, the disgust and life-weariness of the Royal Epigrammatist.

The admirer of Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," cannot but be attracted by the form and spirit of the work, by or through Mr. Linton, provided its origin be not a source of prejudice or aversion. If the volume of the English contemporary seem to any the more attractive of the two, the reason may be, that starting from a lower plane, the region of immediate effects, it may, perhaps, be more fully ultimated in the external sphere.

Having thus by general allusion to works which may yet be enrolled among the Classics of Spiritualism, established the character of the witnesses, we may listen with more attention to their own statement of the origin and purpose of the present manifestation. If the message in general is such that it could come only from a harmonic and elevated source, we may well allow the messengers to make their own avowal as to the Author of their mission and the end to be accomplished. And we may here take the testimony, not only of Spirits, but of the purest and most Spiritual minds among us. The man of expanded interiors, of true culture and heavenly aspirations, stands as it were upon a mountain; the earth is old beneath his feet; pure Spirits are as the cloud floating above him; the electric chain of Spiritual influences from one to the other is almost instantaneous. What Spirits perceive, as in the clear light of heavenly day, good men feel as a divine intimation, an inward inspiration, born not of earth, but interior sources.

Nor is it those alone of advanced Spiritual culture, or those who are *consciously* open to interior illumination, who may bear witness for us. The simple-hearted and impressive everywhere receive intimations of coming changes, modified, it is true, by their own gross conceptions, and thus more or less perverted and debased. It is thus that the Adventists have received the impression of the immediate Second Coming of the Lord, and end of the world. Father Miller could never have infused such a conception, had not the general mind of certain classes been Spiritually prepared for its reception. The great truth of the dawning of a New Era is widely diffused among the inhabitants of the Spiritual spheres, which each society has received according to their own state, the clearness of their vision, in this particular being, in exact proportion to the purity of their love and wisdom. According to the disclosures of Swedenborg, a judgment has taken place in the Spiritual World; the fictitious heavens overthrown, and the sectarian societies and other Spiritual despots destroyed; hence the corresponding organizations in the external, being severed from their connection with the false inspiring sources in the interior, float and drift about like a ship, that slipped her moorings. The grosser minds may be held by external ties; the weak and timid may still be kept by outward straits; but the keen and penetrating intellects, the impetuous and daring spirits, rush into new forms of belief, novel theories and projects, many of them only less injurious than the former, because less inveterate and fixed. Such are Mormonism, some forms of Socialism, mere

Naturalism, and Material Spiritualism. They are like those fictitious diseases which sometimes remove more chronic maladies, or those destroying armies of vermin, which having consumed and wasted more loathsome substances, themselves disappear. False doctrines are the vastators of a corrupt world. Hence Europe rocks from side to side with revolution, and the sound of battle and alarm of war reach even our secluded shores. The despots of the Old World, no longer sustained by interior sources, but receiving thence other dissolving shocks, as well as from their own struggling peoples, now quickened with new light and hope from above, yield to the outward and inward pressure; as the frosts of Spring relax, their hold overcome both by the solar rays and the expanding internal heat of the earth.

A nearer view of the world, as it now exists, is to the Spiritual consciousness inexpressibly painful. Church and State, society and literature, alike bear witness to the blighting, withering effects of a severance from their source of life. Like trees plucked up by the roots, or flowers hidden from the sun, they fade and pass away as if Death himself, coming forth upon the Pale Horse, as in vision of the Apocalypse, had breathed upon them. Society is a culprit, and man the accuser; the Church is weighed and found wanting; even literature and art are tried and convicted of flattery and falsehood in the high tribunal of the human heart. Here and there a voice, like one crying in the wilderness, calls the world to repentance. Such are found in every nation, but the multitude heed them not.

How unutterably sad and hollow is much of what is called "public worship." Many a weary Spirit, Sabbath after Sabbath, goes up to these consecrated temples, and returns under and fainting. Prayers that even children know to be formal and heartless; sermons manufactured to accord with a creed, and delivered with borrowed graces and a vain show of fervor; vocal and instrumental celebrations which are *not* in harmony with the living Spirit, nor bear it struggling upwards—these are the husks spread before the hungry and famishing child of an All-bountiful Father! The most terrible of blasphemies are not those of the rude and vulgar. These are mockeries, solemn and stately as a funeral procession, and like it they lead to the gates of death. The Savior of the World was not rejected by the heathen, nor crucified by the common people. From priestly lips come that terrible cry, "his blood be upon us and upon our children." The climax and sum of all treachery is betrayal with a kiss.

To condemn is easy. To feel with emotions of ineffable sorrow, even like that Divine compassion which wept over a doomed city, requires only a heart filled with the same Divine and human sympathies; but to discover and apply a perfect remedy is the work of Infinite Wisdom. More than a hundred years since a man was raised up by Providence as an expounder of heavenly arcanæ. A feeling of awe and profound respect comes over us while we contemplate the attainments human and Inspired of the Seer of the New Jerusalem. Endowed with all the learning of his age, he becomes the representative to the scientific, the intellectual, of the great truths of the fuller unfolding of the Word. But the introducer was not the consummator. The fountain is inexhaustible, and the requirements of the human soul inexpressibly varied. Swedenborg was never intended as a "finality," nor his writings to supersede all further disclosures. If all hearts are to be touched, if the world is to be regenerated, other orders of mind, representatives of every class and variety of human genius, must be raised up and illuminated of the Lord; poets and orators, and those who shall rehearse in single tales the sublime disclosures of the interior; till at last all become partakers of the same Divine truths; and inspiration, mediate and immediate, shall enfold and bless each individual of the race. For all men are to be taught of the Lord, and each inwardly to know him, from the least unto the greatest. The infinitely varied and ever newly manifested image of the One Divine is to be revealed to all, till each becomes transformed and translated to that ineffable likeness.

But the day of immediate conscious inspiration appears yet far distant from most. If even the purer classes of Spirits find it difficult to approach and effect the many to direct control, how can their interiors receive the pure influx of the Divine? If the reflected light is too powerful for the eye, how shall they endure the sun? Or can a mind, ignorant of all Spiritual phenomena, be prepared for the mysteries of Divine Inspiration?

The Spiritual manifestations of the present day may be regarded as a vast school of the prophets, very unlike our theological schools, in which the versatile and active of the American nation is being trained and educated preparatory for more perfect and glorious unfolding. It is for this reason that we daily learn to look with more forbearance and hope upon even the less orderly and lower forms of these manifestations. The house that is building looks not as the house that is built. Much that appears is but the mere scaffolding of more internal structures. Even partial errors and misstatements are the vehicle and continent of essential truths. They are the husks which shield the ripening grain. Gross external minds cannot receive Spiritual truths unless embodied in forms which assimilate to their own state. The apparent is the transient, the unseen the abiding reality. For all the movements of Providence contain a divine internal, and those things which appear to mortals superficial or even grotesque are seen by angels to be the ultimations of grand interior truths. The form they take is of the sphere in which they are manifested, their essence is of the higher life; their first principles an emanation from the mind of Jehovah.

But we intimated that we would cite the direct testimony of Spirits themselves in regard to the origin and design of the present Spiritual manifestations. The confession of the most elevated and purest of these is uniformly the same. They speak of the necessity of a manifestation of life anew from interior sources, of the fuller unfolding of truths from the letter of the Word. We can at this time quote but a single paragraph, but we commend it to the careful attention of the earnest seeker of Spiritual truth, intimating to those who find in it a response to their anxious inquiries, congenial and refreshing to the internals of the Spirit, that a rich store of such communications is laid up for them, which will ere long be offered to all who can receive them. We may promise that this is a portion of one of the earliest Spiritual disclosures of sufficient dignity and beauty to fix the attention of the first investigators. It takes for the present Spiritual unfolding the very highest ground.

"Commissioned by our SOVEREIGN STRIFE we descend again to close proximity to your field of conflict, to bring royal gifts of strengthening and of consolation to all the children of the covenant of the cross. We come as harbingers of the re-appearing of our Savior, who is worshipped by all purified and holy intelligences in adoration uni-

versal and perpetual; and bring from Him to all of His obedient and willing flock the promise, speedy and sure, of deliverance from error, incompleteness and perplexity of faith; privilege of opening of senses Spiritual, and thereby the vision of paradise, and of the glory of appearing of the Lord in the midst of the splendors of his throne; and from causing melody audible in your circles of devotion; with pleasures of conscious society of angels in your circles and homes; and thus vision and communication Spiritual, celestial, and above all divine; creating assurance of faith, fulfillment of hope and beatific rest and peace in perfect love."

S. E. B.

## ANGEL CHILDREN.

The belief has always been dear to me, that there are children born into the world so innocent and holy that no earth-taint can cling to their souls. Spiritual beings, in whose eyes one can easily believe he sees the expression of *recollection* of an antecedent life—a life in which no pain nor care was known.

Many such I have known. A look into their angelic faces has always been enough for me; the mysterious eye is always there. And I have never found children with that wondrous eye, other than loving and impressive; while they are invariably also shrinking and sensitive to all moral cold. These are the born Media for Divine unfoldings. Spiritual things seem real to these natures; they converse on subjects, of which others seldom think, as though they were the subjects most familiar to themselves; and a very few of these children have seen who do not habitually dream distinct, tangible dreams, in which Spirits and Angels have a prominent part.

In literature, which is the true preacher of the Gospel to this age, we find the fact of the existence of such children acknowledged. Dickens and Mrs. Stowe, besides many others, have availed themselves of this heart-recognized fact, in the characters of little Nell, Florence, and Eva; Mrs. Smith, also, in her sinless child, though not so successfully as either of the former.

Many have said of these characters that they are overdrawn. It may be so in regard to the wisdom—not, I think, in regard to the love. They are made, it is true, to say wise things, perhaps too often; though in actual life they frequently express, in a wonderful manner, the wisdom of the heavens. It has long been a maxim that "little children can ask questions that philosophers cannot answer;" we think the converse true, that little children can answer questions sometimes, which no philosopher, through earthly wisdom, ever could.

There is no doubt that such children are constantly in communication with the Spirit-world. In fact, their interior attractions are so strong as generally to result in the early separation of the soul from the body; and it is a well-known fact, that what are called remarkable children, seldom live to attain their maturity. But when they do grow up to mankind, they retain their childhood Spiritually, and become Mediums of good and truth to their kind.

It is no doubt true that in regard to the attribute of wisdom, these child-portraits of literature are generally somewhat overdrawn; but the extreme susceptibility of such to heart attraction cannot be over-colored. Wise in love they are invariably caught at once the magic clue of sympathy, whenever it is offered them; and they can be guided by it whithersoever he listeth who may hold it.

Their extreme receptivity renders their position in this world a painful one in proportion as they are surrounded by unsympathetic and uncongenial influences. To love and be loved is the first necessity of their nature, and to deprive them of early sympathies is often to drive them within to that world with which intercourse is open to them, and where love will not be withheld. Suffering then as to externals, their interiors become strengthened; through love they become wise; they hear, they see, they feel, what to the rest of the world is for the most part dim uncertainty.

Sweetly at this moment arises before me the gentle face of one of them, whose body not long ago I followed to the grave. A child of only three years old; the mysterious eye of heavenly blue; the long-curling crown of hair; the positive mouth, the sweet dignity of form and motion, all proclaimed him a Spiritual child. Clinging to those whom he loved with energetic yearning, he never displayed anger towards those who tempted him ill; but would shed great sorrowing tears when coldness or oppression were shown him. Majestic and calm in manner, he kept aloof from other children, whose discord grated on his sensitive nature. Hour by hour he would sit alone, and talk and sing to himself.

During his painful sickness, no fretfulness, no impatience were ever manifested; he seemed to be held by angel hands, and comforted by angel presence. And as death approached, his large eyes would be uplifted often, and with a look of more than human intelligence, recognition and joy, would rest upon some object that was undoubtedly visible to them. It was a delight to stand at the golden gate that opened softly for that young, yet noble spirit. The distinct consciousness of his presence remained with me for weeks after his change. I could not help applying to him, and to such as he, the Apostle's words, "Of whom the world was not worthy."

Not worthy, because it so seldom gives support and nourishment to natures such as these; so that even if they do not die, they lead sorrowful and crucified lives on earth. They go forth with hearts ready to warm the world, and find themselves surrounded with the cold, and deluged with the pitiless rain of selfishness and conflict, and they shrink afraid, and would utterly die, but that the fire in their bosoms is kindled from above. Like Christ, they give, expecting no return; they are ready to be offered, if by any means







[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

## A VOICE FROM THE "SPIRIT" WORLD.

I come from the world where all good Spirits dwell—  
From bright and cheerful dominions—  
And I bring you glorious tidings to tell,  
To our own, our beautiful, loving "Ethereal."  
When I've rested my wearied pinions—

The way has been bright, but the journey is o'er—  
And soon I must finish my mission—  
For when it is done, again I shall soar  
To the regions of bliss, and restore  
To the throne, my holy commission.

The Spirits are watching thee all the day long,  
From out of their leafy bowers—  
They sing for thee strains of melodious song—  
For a daughter of earth they deem it not wrong—  
To weave for her chaplets of flowers.

They long for "Ethereal" to speed away home  
On the wings of affection and love—  
Bright Spirits in musical accents say come,  
And ever with us through these bright regions roam.  
In realms celestial above.

They have found thee a mate whose affectionate soul  
Shall unite with thine own forever—  
You will guide him by love and with kindness control  
As long as eternity's cycles shall roll.  
He will leave thee—never! no! never!

We have joined you together in Spirit as one—  
And you each, with the other shall rise—  
When with your life's journey, you both shall have done,  
And a bright "crown of glory" together have won.  
To dwell with your friends in the skies

Let thy love for this "mat" be deep, holy and pure—  
And naught while on earth can disserve—  
Let not the gay world your affections allure—  
Stainless and passionless, to the end endure,  
And rejoice in your union forever.

[From Dream Land and Ghost Land.]

## FLYING VISITS TO DREAM LAND.

And what a Land is that! it has ever been the "terra incognita," even of our friends the skeptics; the plumb line of Science, Psychological, Pathological, or Physiological would not fathom it, it has ever been the wonderful realm of mystery and sometimes of dread—that while the body lies still and at rest in sleep upon the bed, some part of us should walk abroad in the universe and be seeing without eyes, and hearing without ears, this has ever been a wonderful thing.

A lady, a friend of the writer's, upon whom he can most implicitly rely, had a dream extraordinary in its symbolical significance.

It was in Scotland, she had an uncle, a minister of the established church there—a thoughtful, sedentary man—a boundless voracity in him for books, and especially for mathematical problems and lore of that kind; in his study he would sit day by day never stirring, living in his world of Angles and Circles and Lines, until his friends and relations sometimes thought that he would indeed forget the world of sense and of earth altogether. One night, this lady our friend had a dream, she distinctly saw the man or paragon of the minister, her uncle, divided in two parts, the one part separate from the other, and without uniting again, in their out of the way village in Scotland. This dream excited no little consternation, and in the morning, a messenger was sent off to the house, a distance of several miles, to enquire if any extraordinary thing had happened. That messenger met another on his way from the family, to whom he was going to say, that during the night, the minister had been seized with madness—he could with difficulty, be held from violence; and, indeed it so happened from that night the house was divided. The poor old minister was taken to a lunatic asylum where he died, and his wife went to live with her relatives, in her earlier home.

What theory, or what fact, can very well account to us for the significance of many of our dreams!

A friend of the writer's, a gentleman to rely upon whom is indeed synonymous with reliance upon personal testimony, a few evenings before the death of his most tenderly and deservedly beloved, was visited in his dreams, at a time in his life when to dream was an exception, in his history, by an old hag—He awoke several times, and still the same dream recurred to him—the old creature danced about him in mockery, laughing, and gesticulating. He affirms that he beholds her distinctly, yet, and that hers is a countenance never to be erased from his memory. There was horror—there was the dreadful composure of satisfied malignity in every line of her features; he believes it was the next day his wife, with whom he never slept again, was seized with that illness which terminated in a week in death. Is it altogether superstitious to find a meaning in such a coincidence?

It is marvellous that we should dream at all, while all the functions of the body are suspended and locked up. It will be time enough for skeptics to tell us that all dreams are meaningless, when they show to us satisfactorily how it is that the mind continues actively looking abroad at all, by the pale lamps of dreams.

Of course, nothing is more trite than the observation that our dreams are frequently the composition of our waking studies and pursuits. The dream is a mirror, in which we see reflected the habits of the mind: the dream of Coleridge is very well known. After reading Purchas's "Pilgrimage," the magnificent flow of gorgeous imagery, and rhythm, in which was dilated and intensified the orientalisms, which had passed before his mind and through his eye. Then we have the case of Professor Hitchcock, detailed by himself in the "New Englander," and which is one of the most striking on record. He had day after day, visions of strange landscapes spread out before him—mountain and lake and forest—vast rocks, strata upon strata, piled to the clouds—the panorama of a world shattered and upheaved, disclosing the grim secrets of creation, the unshapely and monstrous rudiments of organic being. Equally remarkable is the case of Dr. Abel, of Lempster, N. H., as given by himself in the Boston Medical Journal. While totally blind he saw persons enter his apartment, and especially was he troubled with a grey horse which stood, saddled and bridled, champing his bit, by his bed-side. On one occasion, he says: "I seemed placed on the southern border of a plain, from which I could see a whole regiment of soldiers coming from the north. As they approached their number increased to thousands. Their dress was so splendid as to dazzle my sight. Their movements were generally quick, often halting and forming into two columns, facing each other and extending in line as far as the eye could reach. They would then break up and march in different directions, often driving each other in large companies. I felt peculiarly gratified in seeing large groups of little boys running and jumping before and after the troops—many of them dressed in a light blue frock with a scarlet sash. These movements continued through the day till near sunset, when the field was cleared until after ten o'clock, when I saw them returning, but they took a westward movement, and soon disappeared. Among the great variety of moving objects which I have seen, their motion has been from right to left, with very few exceptions, as that

of the marches and counter-marches of the soldiers. It was common to see two objects moving in the same direction, while one would move much faster than the other, and pass by."

Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with Mr. Crabbe's "World of Dreams," in which we are hurried through a variety of states of being, and in which, no doubt the poet intended to paint the moods of the soul affected by the circumstances of external life or of the waking hours:—

I know not how, but I am brought  
Into a large and Gothic hall,  
Seated with those I never sought—  
Kings, Caliphs, Rulers, silent all;  
Pale as the dead, enrobed and tall,  
Majestic, frozen, solemn, still;  
They wake my fears, my wits appal,  
And with both seem and terror fill.  
They're gone, and in them soon I see,  
A fairy being, form and dress,  
Brilliant as light, nor can there be  
On earth, that heavenly loveliness;  
Nor words can that sweet look express,  
Or tell what living gems adorn  
That wondrous beauty, who can guess  
When such celestial charms were born?

A remarkable phenomenon connected with dreams has often been noticed, namely, the short space of solar time into which events of the greatest moment, and protracted interest are crowded. There is a dream of the Count La Valette, which illustrates this in a very complete manner. The count during his confinement had a frightful dream, which he thus relates:

"One night, while I was asleep, the clock of the Palais de Justin struck twelve, and awoke me. I heard the gate open to relieve the sentry, but I fell asleep again, immediately. In this sleep I dreamed that I was standing in the Rue St. Honore, at the corner of the Rue de l'Echelle. A melancholy darkness spread around me, all was still; nevertheless, a low and uncertain sound arose.—All of a sudden, I perceived at the bottom of the street, a troop of cavalry, advancing towards me; the men and horses however flayed. The men held torches in their hands, the flames of which illumined faces without skin, and with bloody muscles. Their hollow eyes rolled fearfully in their large sockets,—their mouths opened from ear to ear, and helmets of hanging flesh covered their hideous heads. The horses dragged along their own skins, in the kennels, which overflowed with blood on both sides. Pale and dishevelled women appeared and disappeared alternately at the windows, in dismal silence,—low inarticulate groans filled the air, and I remained in the street alone, petrified with horror, and deprived of strength sufficient to seek my safety by flight. This horrible troop continued keeping in rapid gallop, and casting frightful looks on me. Their march, I thought, continued for five hours, and they were followed by an immense number of artillery wagons, full of bleeding corpses, whose limbs still quivered. A disgusting smell of blood and bitumen almost choked me. At length the iron gate of the prison, shutting with great force awoke me again. I made my repeater strike, it was no more than midnight, so that this horrible phantasmagoria had lasted no more than *ten minutes*—that is to say, the time necessary for relieving the sentry and shutting the gate. The cold was severe, and the watchword short. The next day the turnkey confirmed my calculations. I nevertheless do not remember one single event in my life, the duration of which I have been more able to calculate."

But from dreams we have the hints of many mysteries, to us, otherwise inexplicable. Dream Land is a strange weird world,—is it not to us as startling as any of the supposed revelations of our waking hours? What for instance can be more perplexing than the phenomena of sleep?—that in sleep we should exist apparently with all our senses locked up; and yet, that in that state, we should hear and see that a group of strange existence should be around us—that we should sometimes rise and prosecute our business while in a state of slumber, while the eye is locked up, so far as all its outer manifestations may be spoken of—that we should perceive and walk in safety by dangerous precipices, and through difficult situations, performing difficult duties, and making things subservient to us, which we could not, in our ordinary waking hours. The demands made upon our belief by most of the ancient and modern marvels, do not transcend this action of sight, independent of the eye—of hearing, independent of the ear. We are immediately carried forward to the conviction of the independence of the mind, of all material organization.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

## "THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS."

BY S. M. PETERS.

"The Healing of the Nations" possess one advantage over the writings of the ancient seers, prophets and Spiritual mediums. It comes to us fresh from the hands of the inspired penman. It has lost nothing by false renderings from a dead to a living language, it has gained nothing by the interpolations of an interested priesthood. Sublime in its simplicity, characterized throughout by the Spirit of forbearance, forgiveness and love, it embodies the great principle of a universal brotherhood. It breathes no threatnings, it excludes none from the Divine presence, but it displays before all a rich garland of Spirit-flowers, teeming pearls of thought, and jewels of wisdom. It is one of the golden lamps that the present dispensation has placed at the open gateway of the Spiritual age, upon which we are just entering. It belongs to the Spiritual age, and cannot be prostituted to any sordid, selfish or sectarian purposes. It has a practical utility in its sentiments and teachings available to every capacity of mind. And therein lies its chiefest value. It draws no false distinctions between the natural and the divine science and religion walk lovingly together through its pages. God is seen to be the governor of his universe, and the Father of all his children. This is the true Spirit of christianity. But to be appreciated, the book must be read, perchance a great many times. I have tried to select some passages as specimens of sentiment and style, but find myself in the situation of the man who tried to select a pet child from a family of seven, when pursued by the Indians. His children all appeared to be so very beautiful at that trying moment, that he could make no selection. Such is my case, and therefore I must be content to define its position. It is to the Spiritual or real age what the arts were of Grecian art was the ideal age. Then as now, the Spirit of man was thirsting for the beautiful and the true. The poets, and painters, and sculptors, were moved by inspiration, but that inspiration necessarily corresponded to the channel through which it found expression. The poet knew not the nature of the inspiration that moved him to write of celestial streams and elysian fields, and he spoke of his visions as "bright, false things." So of the others, they all worshipped at imaginary shrines, and the forms to which their

inspired genius gave birth, are buried under the ruins of crumbling porticoes and colonades. Even the Spiritual teachers of that age were ignorant of the true object of their mission. They supposed the favors of Deity were intended for a chosen few to the exclusion of the many, and these few were so ungrateful as to reject the proffered favors, and persecute and even murder their teachers.—Mankind was not yet ready for Spiritual idea, independent of an outward visible form. They could not comprehend that the real essence and vitality of all things was invisible. Here then, we are enabled to institute a comparison between the inspired writings of the two ages. The first was narrow, threatening and denunciatory; the second broad, persuasive and forgiving. Herein lies the great merit of "The Healing of the Nations." It belongs emphatically to the Spiritual age and opens the door to every rank and phase of humanity. It denounces none, it bids all hope, and makes religion a practical sweetener of every department of earthly existence and duty. And what is religion after all? Does it consist of forms and creeds?—

Alas, the world has been cursed with that kind of religion long enough. The weary pilgrim has looked forward into the dim future for a realization of that good time that his soul longed for. There was no hope in the popular theology of the day. There was a mystery about in that left the Spiritual mind unsatisfied. A higher revelation was needed to satisfy the cravings of the age in which we live.—Such a revelation is given in the Spirit literature of the present day. Read the "Healings of the Nations," my dogmatical friends, and tell me if you find any thing there at war with the precepts of Jesus, or any thing revolting to the finer feelings of the human heart. See if you can find anything that you would not gladly receive as truth. Ask yourself if you believe the mind of any man is capable of itself to give birth to the proverbs, maxims, and poetical beauties of the book. If not, whence its origin? Is the claim set up for it impious or preposterous? Is inspiration dead and buried? The soul that has ever thrilled with the sympathetic promptings of the higher life will never doubt for a moment the divine origin of the book under consideration. With the materialist, argument on the subject of divine agency, acting through human instrumentality, would be worse than useless. We only say to those who may feel disposed to sneer at the claim set up for this book, produce something equal to it, or something that surpasses it. Will some of the anonymous reviewers of "ghost literature" please to undertake the task? If not, why not?

[From the New England Spiritualist.]

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS IN CHINA.

Incredible as it may seem to some, it is asserted by those acquainted with Chinese history and literature, that methods of communication with Spirits of the departed have been known and practised in the Celestial Empire "at least from the days of Laou-tse, and he was an aged man when Confucius was a youth, between five and six centuries before the Christian era"—that is, contemporaneously with those remarkable visionists and Spirit-interlocutors among the Hebrews, Jeremiah, Daniel, and others. It appears, however, that of late years this practice has received increased attention among the "Celestials," or at least, that it has been productive of more than usual effects upon the minds of the people, and has attracted the attention of foreign residents in the Empire. We are indebted to the New York Weekly Leader for the information contained in the following extracts:—

"In the last file of the North China Herald there is an account, by Dr. Macgowan, of the existing formula [of table-moving] and from this it appears that the treatment of the tables is somewhat different in the Flowery Land from what is practised with us. The directions usually given, he says, are 'to place a couple of chopsticks at right angles across a mortar, or bowl filled with water; and upon these, the tables turned upside down. Four children are then called in, and to each a leg is assigned, on which one hand is gently laid, while the other seizes the free hand of a companion—thus forming a circle.' Nothing now remains to be done but the reading of an incantation by the Medium."

Soon the table begins to heave with emotion, and then becomes revolutionary, carrying the lads along with increasing velocity, until whirled off the axis.

"The doctor, however, being a scientific man, was not to be amused by the mere poetical parts of the ceremony; and he determined to try the experiment without having recourse to the usual incantation. He called in some little boys from the street, and directing them to rest their hands gently on the legs of a table reversed and adjusted according to rule—only the vessel being without water—he awaited the result. The boys, it should be said, did not form the magic circle by joining hands. In a few minutes the table showed symptoms of sensitiveness; it became uneasy; a struggling appeared to be going on; but soon all this was at an end, and off it set in its involuntary revolution, spinning round and round, accompanied by the boys as fast as their legs could carry them, till it suddenly dashed off its axis, carrying away with it some portion of skin from the shin of one of the urchins."

Dr. Macgowan furnishes the following account of the manner in which writing is performed by the agency of the Kwei, or Spirits:—

"The table is sprinkled equally with bran flour, dust, or other powder, and two Media sit down at opposite sides, with their hands placed upon the table. A hemispherical basket, of about eight inches diameter, such as is commonly used for washing rice, is now reversed, and laid down with its edges resting upon the tips of one or two fingers of the two Media. This basket is to act as penholder; and a reed or style is fastened to the rim, or a chopstick thrust through the interstices, with the point touching the powdered table. The ghost, in the meantime, has been duly invoked with religious ceremonies, and the spectators stand round waiting the result in awe-struck silence. The result is not uniform. Sometimes the Spirit summoned is unable to write, sometimes he is mischievously inclined, and the pen—for it always moves—will make either a few senseless flourishes on the table, or fashion sentences that are without meaning, or with a meaning that only misleads. This, however, is comparatively rare. In general, the words traced are arranged in the best form of composition, and they communicate intelligence wholly unknown to the operators. These operators are said to be not only unconscious, but unwilling participants in the feat. Sometimes, by the exercise of a strong will, they are able to prevent the pencil from moving beyond the area it commands by its original position; but in general, the fingers follow it in spite of themselves, till the whole table is covered with the ghostly message."

Of the character of the communications received, we are told little beyond the statement that they are "always curious, but in no other way satisfactory." From the following, however, it may be inferred that they are of the same mixed character that pertains to communications from a similar source among us, and that some of them at least, as with us, are of a progressive tendency—so much so as to be considered dangerous to the existing religion and government of the Empire, and that the participants are liable not only to opposition and persecution, but even to martyrdom, for their Spiritualism.

"Soon after our arrival in Ningpo, in 1843, ere the port was opened for trade, such a wonderful impulse was suddenly given to the custom, that it could hardly be compared to the prevalence of an epidemic; there was scarcely a house in which it was not practised for a season almost daily. The cause of this remarkable revival of an old custom not generally observed, could not be ascertained; but its subsidence, after a short period, was explained by the amount of mischief occasioned to those who followed, or confided in the communications from Hades, and by the complaint that little real advantage ever accrued from this form of divination. More recently a club of literary graduates were in the Pau-teh-kwan, a Taoist temple, near the temple of Confucius, for practising the Kwei, the ceremony is called; and many and marvellous are the revelations told of the 'Spiritual manifestations' which they elicited. It was continued for a long time, until the arrival of an intending, who disapproved of the demonolatry. He addressed the party as a friendly adviser, urging the discontinuance of such practices, on the ground that he had never known any good, but considerable evil, to result from them. His counsel was followed; and since that time, this sort of divination has been tried only occasionally, and by individuals."

Here is an instance, however, in which the manifestation seems certainly not intended to injure or mislead. The anecdote was received by Dr. Macgowan from a Christian preacher:—

"A Mr. Li, in the village of Manthan, near this city, enjoying the reputation of being remarkably sensible in consulting Spirits. Our informant, Li, formed one of a party which had determined to test Mr. Li's skill. It was agreed that the Spirit should be requested to write a prescription for the wife of one of their number, then confined to bed with sickness. Two boys, who had no knowledge of what information the party desired, were called to hold the basket. In a little time, the table was filled with characters, in which the diagnosis and treatment were clearly expressed—of course, according to Chinese notions of pathology: the whole, when copied, was shown to be perfectly correct; displaying thus, it must be confessed, a degree of magnanimity which flesh doctors never show their conferees in the flesh."

"The same Dr. Li, however, was less fortunate a few months ago, when he thought fit to make public a revelation he received from the Kwei on the subject of a new Pretender to the throne of the Empire. Three of the invoking party have been beheaded, and Mr. Li himself is now in hiding, and in imminent danger of becoming one of the Kwei himself."

This latter statement induces us to allude to certain facts within our own knowledge, which have led us to take an especial interest in these accounts from China."

Some two years ago, we occasionally met with a Circle in this City, at which an intelligence purporting to be the Spirit of a Chinaman repeatedly manifested himself, and communicated very freely. He was wont to congratulate us on the freedom from molestation with which our investigations and intercourse with the Spirit-life could be pursued in this land—marking that it was far otherwise among his own people. He stated that this intercourse had long been known and practised in China; but that of late years, exalted Spirits had been endeavoring, through this means, to impart light to his countrymen—to give them a purer religion and a freer government;—that thereby the opposition of the dominant classes had been aroused, and a violent persecution had been excited against those who had any thing to do with Spirit-intercourse. In the province where he had lived, it had been carried to the extreme of putting to death those who had practised it; and he himself had fallen a victim to this tyranny, having been burned at the stake for endeavoring to heal his own sick daughter by the laying on of hands, under Spirit-direction. The details which he would sometimes give of his arrest and execution, were interesting and pathetic. He furthermore stated this tyranny of the ruling dynasty had given rise to a rebellion, which the powers above were helping forward, and which he firmly believed would result in giving freedom to his beloved China.

This last statement, in regard to the existence of a rebellion, was first made some two weeks before the news of such a state of things had reached this country through the ordinary channels.

Of course, these statements were received with entire incredulity, so far as we could judge, by all the company to whom they were addressed—we were thinking them most probably the invention of some struggling invisible story-teller, who thought to try the measure of our credulity. We should add that they were spoken through the mouth of a young man, of most estimable character, while in an entranced or wholly unconscious state—he assuming no responsibility whatever for them.

In the light, however, of the information which has been gradually coming to us from that quarter of the world, and especially of the testimony of Dr. Macgowan, quoted above, the reader may form his own opinion of the reliability and the source of these communications. We will only say that, in every important particular, so far as our recollection serves us, the declarations of the purported Spirit in regard to general matters, have been fully corroborated, while the statements respecting his personal history have been paralleled by narratives which have been given in the newspapers, of burning to death and other tortures inflicted on the adherents of the "new religion." Can any of our materialistic philosophers give a more probable or rational account of the source of these communications respecting events occurring on the opposite side of the globe, than that which the communicating intelligence itself claimed to be fact?

## IMMORTAL LIFE.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

It is the belief of mankind that we shall all live forever. This is not a doctrine of Christianity alone. It belongs to the human race. You may find nations so rude that they live houseless, in caverns of the earth; nations that have no letters, not knowing the use of bows and arrows, fire or even clothes; but no nation without a belief in immortal life. The form of that belief is often grotesque and absurd; the mode of proof ridiculous; the expectations of what the future life is to be are often childish and silly. But notwithstanding all that, the fact still remains—THE BELIEF THAT THE SOUL OF A MAN NEVER DIES.

How did Mankind come by this opinion? "By a miraculous Revelation," says one. But according to the common theory of miraculous revelations, the race could not have obtained it in this way, for according to that theory the Heathens had much revelations, yet we find this doctrine the settled belief of the whole Heathen world. The Greeks and Romans believed it long before Christ; the Chaldees, with no pretence to miraculous inspiration, taught the idea of immortality, while the Jews, spite of their alleged revelations, rested only in the dim sentiment thereof.

It was not arrived at by reasoning. It requires a good deal of hard thinking to reason out and prove this matter. Yet you find this belief among nations not capable as yet of that art of thinking and to that degree—nations who never tried to prove it, and yet believe it as confidently as we.—The human race did not sit down and think it out,

never waited till they could prove it by logic and metaphysics; did not delay their belief till a miraculous revelation came to confirm it. It came to Mankind by intuition; by instinctive belief, the belief which comes unavoidably from the nature of man. In this same way came the belief in God; the love of man; the sentiment of justice.—Men could see, and knew they could see, before they proved it; before they had theories of vision; without waiting for a miraculous revelation to come and tell them they had eyes and might see if they would look. Some faculties of the body act spontaneously at first—so others of the soul.

Immortality is a fact of man's nature, so it is a part in the heavens and a part of the universe.—Both are writings from God's hand; each therefore a revelation from Him, and of Him; only not miraculous, but natural, regular, normal. Yet each is just as much a revelation from Him as if the great soul of all had spoken in English speech to one of us and said: *THERE IS A SUN IN THE HEAVENS, AND THOU SHALT LIVE FOREVER*. Yes, the fact is more certain than such speech would make it, for this fact speaks always—a perpetual Revelation and no words can make it more certain.

Soon as a man attains consciousness of himself he attains consciousness of his Immortality. At first he asks proof no more of his eternal existence than of his present life; instinctively he believes both. Nay, he does not separate the two—this life is one link in that golden and electric chain of Immortality; the next life another and more bright, but in the same chain. Immortality is what philosophers call an ontological fact; it belongs essentially to the being of man, just as the eye is a physiological fact and belongs to the body of man. To my mind this is the great proof of Immortality; the fact that it is written in human nature; written there so plain that the rudest nations have not failed to find it, to know it; written just as much as form is written on the Circle, and extension on Matter in general. It comes to our consciousness as naturally as the notions of time and space. We feel it as a desire; we feel it as a fact. What is this in man is writ there of God, who writes no lies. To suppose that this universal desire has no corresponding gratification, is to represent Him, not as the Father of all, but as only a deceiver. I feel the longing after Immortality, a desire essential to my nature, deep as the foundation of my being; I find the same desire in all men. I feel conscious of Immortality; that I am not to die—no never to die, though often to change. I cannot believe this desire and consciousness are felt only to mislead, to beguile, to deceive me. I know God is my Father and the Father of the Nations. Can the Almighty deceive his children? For my own part, I can conceive of nothing which shall make me more certain of my Immortality. I ask no argument, from learned lips. No miracle could make me more sure; no, not if the sheeted dead burst ceremony and shroud, and rising forth from their honored tombs stood here before me, the disenchanted dust once more enchanted with that fiery life; no, not if the souls of all my sires since time began came thronging round, and with miraculous speech told me they lived and I should also live. I could only say, 'I knew all this before, why waste your heavenly speech?' I have now indubitable certainty of eternal life. Death removing me to the next state, can give me infallible certainty.

But there are men who doubt of immortality.—They say they are conscious of the want, not of the fact. They need a proof. The exception here proves the rule. You do not doubt your personal and conscious existence now; you ask no proof of that; you would laugh at me should I try to convince you that you are alive and self-conscious.—Yet one of the leaders of modern Philosophy wanted a proof of this as a basis for his science, and said: *I AM BECAUSE I THINK*. But his thought required proof as much as his being; yes, more, for being is the ground of thinking, not thinking of being. At this day there are sound men who deny the existence of this outward world, declaring it only a dream-world. This ground they say and yonder sun have being but in fancy—like the sun and ground you perchance dreamed of last night whose being was only a being-dreamed.—These are exceptional men, and help prove the common rule—that man trusts his senses and believes an outward world. Yet such are more common amongst philosophers than men who doubt of their immortal life. You cannot easily reason those men out of their philosophy and into their senses, nor by your own philosophy perhaps convince them that there is an outward world.

I think few of you came to your belief in everlasting life through reasoning. Your belief grew out of your general state of mind and heart. You could not help it. Perhaps few of you ever sat down and weighed the arguments for and against it, and so made up your mind. Perhaps those who have the firmest consciousness of the fact are least familiar with the arguments which confirm that consciousness. If a man disbelieves it, if he denies it, his opinion is not often to be changed immediately or directly by argument. His special conviction has grown out of his general state of mind and heart, and is only to be removed by a change in his whole philosophy. I am not honoring men for their belief, nor blaming men who doubt or deny. I do not believe any one ever willingly doubted this; ever purposefully reasoned himself into the denial thereof. Men doubt because they cannot help it; not because they will, but must.

There are a great many things true which no man as yet can prove true; some things so true that nothing can make them plainer, or more plainly true. I think it is so with this doctrine, and therefore for myself, ask no argument. With my views of man, of God, of the relation between the two, I want no proof, satisfied with my own consciousness of Immortality. Yet there are arguments which are fair, logical, just, which satisfy the mind, and may perhaps help persuade some men who doubt, if such men there are amongst you. I think that Immortality is a fact of consciousness; a fact given in the constitution of man, therefore a matter of sentiment. But it requires thought to pick it out amongst the other facts of consciousness. Though at first merely a feeling, a matter of sentiment, on examination it becomes an idea—a matter of thought. It will bear being looked at in the sharpest and driest light of logic. Truth never finches before reason. It is so with our consciousness of God, that is an ontological fact; a fact given in the nature of Man. At first it is a feeling, a matter of sentiment. By thought we abstract this fact from other facts; we find an idea of God. That is a matter of philosophy, and the analyzing mind legitimates the idea and at length demonstrates the existence of God, which we first learned without analysis and by intuition. A great deal has been written to prove the existence of God, and that by the ablest men, yet I cannot believe that any one was ever reasoned directly into a belief in God, by all those able men, nor directly out of it by all the skeptics and scof-

fers. Indirectly such works affect men, change their philosophy and modes of thought, and so help them to one or the other conclusion.

The idea of Immortality, like the idea of God, in a certain sense, is born in us and fast as we come to consciousness of ourselves we come to consciousness of God, and of ourselves as immortal. The higher we advance in wisdom, goodness, piety, the larger place do God and Immortality hold in our experience and inward life. I think that is the regular and natural process of a man's development. Doubt of either seems to me an exception, an irregularity. Causes that remove the doubt must be general more than special.

WHAT A PREACHER SHOULD BE.—The public

preacher should be a man who knows all the important passing events, and holds them up to the light of God's rule of religious obligation; his eyes should be the first to catch the beams of any new rising truth upon the time; his tongue the first to give warning of any shadow of eclipse stealing over the public virtue; his mind should be free from that temporary prejudice which disqualifies for the most moral estimate of things transpiring. Of course he is liable to mistake, and his opinions will be valuable in proportion to his breadth of mind and elevation of character; but if he is honest and moderately intelligent, his position gives him an advantage over the mass of men who are too much engrossed in affairs to meditate impartially on their tendency. But whether he gives the community the solution of the riddle or not, it is an immense advantage to be constantly reminded that the every day affairs in which they are involved, have more than a common-place meaning—that business, pleasure, household, political, social, literature, are not mere things to wonder at, and to work among, but are each and all a vital part of God's providential training of men for citizenship. And happy will be the preacher who can direct the minds of the hearers to the moral significance of what the world is now doing. If he can unseat their ears, that even when floating down the swift current of life, they may hear in the distance the solemn measured and flow of the infinite ocean to which they tend, and feel that the motion of every hidden affair in the counsel of the Almighty, he will have done a great thing; and if any sleepy repeater of all creeds, or any irritated man of the world accuse him of needless critic, that preaching of God's everlasting law to the life of this world, and that any other "gospel" than this preached to men and women of these days is an insult to the moral sense, as it is a burden on the attention of the community. The church is not a great cradle wherein a "happy family" are to be rocked to sleep by a clerical nurse singing a pleasant lullaby; but the weekly course where earnest men and women meet to be stirred up on themes, the more weighty that can afford human life.—Rev. A. D. Mayo.

SOTHEBY'S RELIGION.—Gibson shook my belief in Christianity when I was a school boy of seventeen. When I went to College it was in the height of the French Revolution—and I drank deeply of that cup. I had a friend there whose name you have seen in my poems—Edmund Seward, an admirable man in all things, whose only fault was that he was too humble; for humble, even to a fault, he was. In his company my religious interests were strengthened. But to those who have any religious feeling, you need not be told how chilling and withering the lip service of a university must be. Sick of the college, chapel, and church, I went to a meeting-house; and there we were disgusted too. Coleridge came from Cambridge to visit a friend at Oxford, on his way to Wales. That friend was my bosom companion, and Coleridge was brought to my rooms, and that meeting fixed the future fortunes of us both. Our meeting was mutually agreeable; I reformed his life, and he disposed me towards Christianity. He remained three or four weeks at Oxford, and we planned an Utopia of our own, to be founded in the wilds of America upon the basis of common property—each laboring for all—a Pantheocracy—a Republic of Reason and Virtue. For this aim I gave up every prospect. How painfully and slowly I was awakened from this is not the time to say. In what has all this ended? you will ask. That I am still without a shepherd; clinging to all that Christ has clearly taught, but shrinking from all attempts at defining his articles of faith; from those points which the Gospels left indefinite. I am of no visible church, but, assuredly I feel myself in the communion of saints.—Letter to Montgomery.

"OVERWORK OF THE BRAIN."—Mr. John Marshall, writing to the London Spectator, on overwork of the brain, says that had the first symptoms of this dreadful malady—which he suffered from, Southey, Pitt, Coleridge, Moore, Byron, Keats, Landor, Blanchard, Wilson, Robert Hall, and in great measure, Burns, Byron, Campbell, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Harpden, and a host of other distinguished in literature, in science, in politics, and in art, to a premature grave—been promptly attended to, many of these illustrious men might have been spared to us.

Brain-work is vastly more exhausting than is generally supposed. Brain-work is like the burning of lamp with a large wick, by which the oil—vitality—is rapidly consumed, while in physical labor, in the open air, we constantly add to our vitality by imbibing an abundance of fresh air, and expend it more slowly, through the muscles. Whereas the brain-worker is usually "closed," and generally works by gas or candle light, which aggravates the difficulty.

The great increase of insanity in our country, may be attributed to excessive brain-work—to over-active nervous temperament, sometimes caused by artificial stimulants. Tea, coffee, tobacco, wines, liquors, opium, and drug-medicines, all tend directly to excite and exhaust the nervous system. Parents commit a fatal error in pressing young children to hard study and confinement in ill-ventilated school-houses. A puny, delicate, sensitive precocious race is the result for this violating Nature's laws. When will people study themselves—the laws which govern life and health—Physiology, Phenology, and Psychology—Body and mind—Humanity, Man.—American Philosophical Journal.

SIMPLICITY OF MANNERS THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF TRUE GENIUS.—That night I found myself, about eleven o'clock, in a pretty bedroom, about fourteen feet by twelve. Much I feared it might turn out the best room in the house; and it illustrates the hospitality of my new friends to mention that it was. Early in the morning I was awakened by a little voice, issuing from a little cottage bed in an opposite corner, soliloquizing in a low tone. Soon recognized the words, "Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; and the voice I mistookly conjectured to be that of the best among Wordsworth's children, a son, was that of a child about three years old. He was a remarkable fine boy in strength and size, and promising, (what has, in fact been realized,) a most powerful person, physically, than that of his father. Miss Wordsworth I found making breakfast in the little sitting room. No urn was there, no glittering breakfast service; a kettle boiled upon the fire, and everything was in harmony with these unpretending arrangements. I rarely have seen so humble a ménage; and contrasting the dignity of the man with this honorable poverty, and this courageous avowal of it, his utter absence of all efforts to disguise the simple truth of the case, I felt my admiration increased. This, thought I, myself, is, indeed, in his own words—

"Plain living and high thinking."